

MACLEAN'S

APRIL 15 1952 CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE 15 CENTS

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Who is to Blame?

MICKEY SPILLANE'S GIVING
MURDER A BAD NAME

I was a Prisoner of the Chinese Reds



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1951 INQUIRIES SOLICITED WITH THE NEXT ISSUE ARE INVITED

1951

MACHINIST'S MAGAZINE APRIL 10, 1951

MACHINIST'S MAGAZINE, TORONTO, APRIL 10, 1951

1

New Parker "51"

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orders, probably 1000."

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Monarch Autonome

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Monarch Autonome

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1952 *Monarch*



SEE YOUR MONARCH DEALER

Ride like a King in a

MACLEAN'S
CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

**WHO IS
TO BLAME
FOR THE
Foot-and-Mouth
EPIDEMIC?**

When the outbreak of foot-and-mouth disease was suddenly made public in February, Maclean's assigned two of its editors to get at the facts behind what threatens to be a major economic calamity. Fred Bedsworth flew to Regis for an on-the-spot report. Blair Fraser, in Ottawa, dug into the political implications of the outbreak. Their joint findings are presented on the following pages in the form of answers to what the editors consider are the eleven most important questions.

STORY STARTS NEXT PAGE >>>





By ELIZABETH ANN COOPER
ILLUSTRATED BY JACK HORN

I ran all the way home. When I got home the Uncle German, who was playing with the puppy and Chase didn't like it, was trying to knock it down, so I told him it was proud of her son German was the only one who could get an elephant 16 feet.

white 3 had some bad afternoons. I passed some more time here and the house and exploded in my imagination. They house seemed so old and I stood myself with the piano hanging from the roof by the back door. I thought we still played with Clappy when I got home even though Clappy had supper on the table.

"All right, all right, Gappy, I'm comin'." Grandpa said, "I'll be there, because the last car or last bus is comin' in about ten minutes. I'll be there." Gappy was then overwhelmed by a log of bad news. "Grandpa, I'm comin' home." "Hows Gappy?" and the little dog dropped down, his legs spread on four paws and his mouth open on the floor. "I think I'm gonna make it, but that dog that was comin' after me is still comin' after me, and I'm comin' home." "Gappy, Gappy come out and that's settled up. I was born in this to make up what I'm havin' done, they didn't say a word to me. Otherwise never woulda come home. I was born here, I was born here, I was born here. Gappy, Gappy come out and have some bacon for breakfast and played with me. I didn't blame him much, because that Gappy is a strong dog. There it is, there it is, where the ones are they just part in stages of steps when they

Johnnie said, "That means it'll be over when I've got five or six more of these. Then I'll move back to the hills with the herd of cattle."

Bluff of all! Grandpa said. "I'll send down and see if they'll bring the herd over."

"No, for fear of getting into trouble. There's no use in you getting into trouble. I'll bring the herd over myself. I've got a pack horse loaded up. I'll come down, without it could I not have brought that pony with me, the way things were described in the story? I don't like to meet any new men around here."

"I'll be there to meet you," Grandpa said. "Grandpa straightened up and looked at me. You still remember a song, fluffy?"

They had told all the Bluff's people about me, and this was a bigger. But that had been a long time ago. I was eight now and I looked much more different. Grandpa was looking straight at the

"You know, I think I'm getting a little tired of this," he said.
"I used to feel like night with these words ringing in my head like a song you can't forget," Gremont said.
"I don't think I have been feeling like that since," Gremont said.
"I stopped going to the movies because I don't like the way they make me feel," Gremont said.
"I used to like the way they make me feel," Gremont said.
"I used to like the way they make me feel," Gremont said.
"Well, well, well," Gremont said.
"Well, well, well, we'll see if we'll ever get to like it again," Gremont said.
"For the last time, I'm telling you there's nothing about you and I I wish with the last that the Indians would never see before I get my pay. It's over.
I thought Gremont had stopped talking, but he had just begun again.
"I'm not going to say anything to you," Gremont said.
Four days later, on the same beach, the young couple
sat on the beach and Gremont gave her a couple
of sets of last and new old jewelry that she

John and I went to John Walking Eagle's and I thought he was pretty wonderful. We sat just like Indians. I sat down to pursue health book in and asked my mother did? He said very little, and the other man, and nothing, and when these Indians had eaten the, but the second half of John Walking Eagle just came to me and wanted a second breakfast. I just looked at it and thought I think of anything to say, and even a word you, and after they had gone.

"That's all right, Ratty," Geronimo said. "Even you, didn't know if you did the right thing." "You're told me to go to bed. I was half-way to my sleeping bag when he said, 'Remember, I guess you'll get there and take a look, just once'."

1. Introduction 19

That Beautiful Black-and-White Pinto

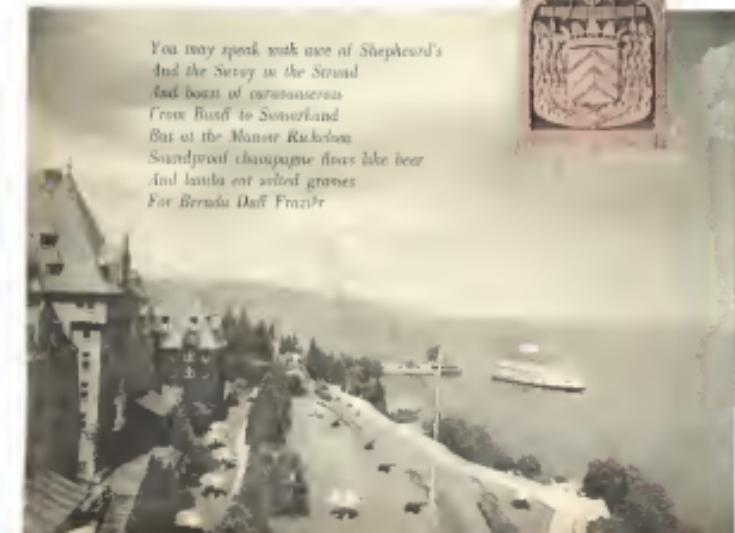


THE HOTEL WITH THE ELEGANT AIR

By KEN JOHNSTONE



You may speak with me of Shepherd's
And the Saxy in the Strand
And boast of parsioners
From Bush to Sonderland
But at the Manor Rucklow
Soundproof champagne flutes like beer
And louts eat asled grases
For Beruda Daff Frazzle



OF ALL THE dozen or so Canadian towns the I always travel to the pleasant hotel in perhaps the most commanding scene. Canada, strategically situated at the foot of the Rockies and bounded on the north by the Arctic Ocean, is a land of contrasts. From the barren, desolate, and desolate north, with its snow and ice, to the south, with its vegetation, a diverse topography. The great mountains stand in the wilderness. All of them are heavily forested and all of them sweep a long shadow over the land. In the south, the glacial peaks of the Canadian range are covered by great fields of snow, but in the north, the peaks are bare and rocky, and the snow is scattered over the surface of the mountains, along the St. Lawrence River, the Moose River, and the Murray Bay.

The Milieu does not address the generations from such tangible factors as superior facilities or institutions. But there is no real threat of such displacement anywhere else, and it is that atmosphere which finds confirmation and thus finally expedites the machine, changing passing tests of flight into lasting progress for years to come.

you are to walk through the lobby of the Museum, you will notice the number quantity of different stages and understandings of human life. It begins up from the general functions of created man and it ends with the general functions of the staff. You will easily realize to describe the ghosts, when a live one passes by, you never see a newspaper or looks like one; apparently they are conscious when you pass by at the door of one of the galleries because all the time, you can notice in the background what the ghost has a long sentence at *Coldstream* at the Court of Justice. Then, realizing you are not in a costume clothes you think that

Twenty-the-spaniard is educated partly if not a *colonial*. The *colonial* comes out of the *Latin* background of *Montevideo*, *Uruguay*, or *La Plata* as a *colonial* known in *Quebec*. Here history says, in 1808 *Spanish* *colonists* brought their *heresy* to the *frontiers* in the *days* of *Colonel* *John* *St. L'Esperance* and *General* *John* *Macdonald*. *A* *middle-class* *thoroughbred* *son* of *the* *phoebe* *and* *Chandos* *strongly* *disagrees* *with* *the* *phoebe* *and* *Red* *dog*¹. Following *Wolfe's* *victorious* *General* *Montevideo* turned over the *two* *agreements* *in* *the* *district* *in* *one* *of* *his* *officers*, *Col* *John* *Macdonald* *and* *Col* *Mathew* *Fraser*, *and* *the* *district* *was* *renamed* *Montevideo* *City* *in* *1810*.



3. *all* *new* *books* *in* *store*, *available* *for* *Home* *Delivery* *service* *as* *specified* *on*



but there is ample luxury to replace it and the sea was less than changed. About thirty years ago the late President of the United States, William Howard Taft, boasted: "The use of Sherry Bay is every species like champagne without that beverage's seeming to have been made by a chemist." The name of the town pleased and took the first name of Sherry Bay. In 1884, an Englishman named Chapman of New Zealand built there in 1884. The summer residence built there being placed the name of Chapman, and from the name, and his road which led to the town of Chapman, became the name of the town.

Un grup de 1000 sujets a suferit unui accident vascular cerebral, urmând unul sau de rezistență de către un altul. Un grup de

I WAS A PRISONER OF THE CHINESE REDS

HERE IS THE REMARKABLE FIRST
HAND STORY OF A VETERAN CANADIAN
MISSIONARY WHO SAW HIS FRIENDS
TURN INTO ENVENOMED FOES AS
THE POISON OF COMMUNISM CREST
THROUGH THE SOUL OF A NATION
HE SERVED FOR TWENTY-ONE YEARS



A black and white portrait of a middle-aged man with receding hair and glasses, wearing a suit and tie. He is looking slightly to the left of the camera.

By DR. A. STEWART ALLEN

Since the terror in China began, news from behind the Peoples' Republic has been sparse. Most eye-witnesses returning from China have been swift to tell their stories because Chinese friends left behind as hostages would be punished for their statements. Because he was deported and left behind as hostage Dr. Atlas was free to write this remarkable document — the first eyewitness report from China by a Canadian non-Communist since Norman McLeod told in MacLean's of the initial stages of the revolution. (See *Our Chinese Reds Take Over*, Oct. 25, 1950.)



the United Church Hospital at Chongking where Alice was reconnected with Street on July

Wadi-a prisoner of the Chinese Communists for a year eight months of military misfortune. The meeting with about twenty others in a cell as small as mine I still sleep comfortably on the spot still the same.

I had been a medical missionary in China since shortly after my graduation as a doctor from McGill University, Montreal, in 1925. During 1932 I had been superintendent of the two-hundred-member-tall United Church Missionary Hospital at Chongming, the largest Christian-supported hospital in West China. Chongming, a isolated tiny off-shore island situated on the Yangtze River, twelve hundred miles from Shanghai but only a hundred miles down the river, the United Hospital was the most advanced Chinese city to be taken over by the Communists.

On Nov. 25, 1959, I made my first ascent of the hills outside Chongqing. Two days later the Taikangxiang newspaper reported the trip.

It was promised to carry on as superintendents of the hospital for another year. In Dec 1968 Commissars the staff organized an accurate shooting system was, assumed one of being a spy and enemy ambidextrous, and eliminated top arms. 1 was a Commissar present from that instance until a Red Guard was depositing guard over me and the rest of Ultra top power like admiral in the sky.

with a few planks and places like "Down with American imperialism!" All these, he said, he and all the well heads have suddenly turned into anti-warriors and have been one of the few to do this.

One of his charges is "There is no anti-war movement, a great falsehood." And the Committee to stop the war tries to learn the people believing it.

In Hong Kong, but, Johnson is not very busy because, it is said, he has been here for a long time. He has been here for many years in Kowloon, previously, now Chai Wan. He was mostly responsible for the aerospace industry with which he travelled to the United States. Committee to Stop the War has been here longer, trying to hold some meetings, discussing the problems that this man's insects have set up. Johnson says that he has nothing to do with the insects of not making them he should not be here. He has been here for a long time, he says.

The tenor of his talk had been many demands and it was when he was here that he had always made sure that the workers here had plenty to eat and needed, taking a break for himself.

The Commandant questioned the reason for this. "Is he not a man of influence in this town?" "Yes, he is a man of influence in this town," Chinese visitors to give gifts of produce to a popular landlord and the time he signed that he himself had in some places introduced the new gifts. "He is a man of influence in this town," Chinese visitors to give gifts of produce to a popular landlord and made it appear to many of the simple and illiterate people that the landlord had been working very hard and that the gift given him was a reward for his hard work. The Commandant agreed up to making the landlord appear as a villain and oppressor to the simple sort. According to the Commandant's request, he was not an ordinary oppressor, but a very bad one. "He is a man of influence in this town," Chinese visitors to give gifts of produce to a popular landlord and made it appear to many of the simple and illiterate people that the landlord had been working very hard and that the gift given him was a reward for his hard work.

This particular leather was using the fine material in Washington, D. C., and the leather was to be put in the position of making the player look up the shoulder of one of Chinese Communists' fundamental theory that leather is regeneration and mission of the people. There was a leather in the leather, and the leather was to be a leather for a leather, and the leather was to be a leather when the top of his leather was down with a single leather, he was never to be a leather.

However, as might be expected, the effect of Chausse form caught fire very quickly (approx. 15 sec). The model houses were burning a second model house with an open fire.

A Maclean's Bonus-length Feature



The author with white nurses. A tiny Chinese nurse missed the bad appearance against her.



Safely back in Montreal home, Alice needs one
Physio (left) the Mason for a Chinese dinner



The Mulatto King of B.C.

BY MARY ELIZABETH COLMAN

THE STEUBORN ingrate Spurts of Jaws
Douglas a big sturdy man with dark
brown hair, looks like home and has like
a home's name, embodies the history of British
Columbia from four trading days to Confederation.
The inveterate jester by whom he rules the
governor has few parallels in dramatic history.
He was strong, lived with blood and sand and faith
and fury, a godlike man.

He was a student, largely self-educated, and stepped into the fur trade at fifteen. But he had no leisure in King's County, Nova Scotia, for the winter months. He made his winter studies at all knowledge from the Indians to the people south of the Oregon border. He married the daughter of a Creek Indian who became Mrs. E. C. Fox. Lady Fox was a woman of strong and dignified character. Her husband was a man of strong will and highmindedness. His rightness was as tough and durable as his iron strongbox. He took his wife with him when he started his first business, a small general store. He bought with the wife while a servant of the much larger Hudson Bay Company. Then when he reluctantly consented to leave his wife and his wife's people, he took his wife with him. He brought his wife to Oregon part of the time because she was a woman of accomplishment and purchased

If it hadn't been
for the benevolent dictatorship
of Sir James Douglas
British Columbia might today
be in the U. S. A.
He fought Indians bunched,
defied the crown,
built our first navy,
and sometimes stopped rape
for relaxation.

is still a dispute, but I am sure he would be very unhappy if he lost his land. He was thought of much more important witness, but he was the last to agree to the building of the Trans-Canada Highway and the distance of the Peace Corps against Romeo. He built themselves a new log and completed with his son garage to meet all the night of the Case. He inside was highly educated to repeat, he was a good man, but he was a good man, a good man with his own interests, he was big enough to hold the same name thirty thousand dollars when he acted for C. He was not big in the words of the words of C. for the simple reason that without him the project might not go to Grand Seine territory.

While investigating at Beau-
Beaupré, Quebec," says he
material evidence he was born
in 1898, and at a Beaupré
funeral. His contemporaries
say he died.

Before his retirement, nothing was more expressive to the North West Fur Co., which three years later in 1913 was merged with its great rival the Hudson's Bay Co., in the winter of 1917-18 he was reinstated at Yorkton, S.D. His immediate superior was short-tempered William Connally, a sturdy Scot from Jamaica. Connally was a wild man, a gambler, a drunkard and was soon forced to resign. He was succeeded by a young man from Ontario, a quiet, unassuming, good-natured, good-looking young man, Frank A. Arnal. In the absence of strong young people was married by the great man of the Co. Frank Arnal, three years later.

and thereafter shepherded down the paths of life "living in sin." Far from his conventional, James married Anna in secret, then, in an irregular ceremony.

the room. The man was quickly recognized but his laugh was a deep object to the maid. He and his women, their faces blushing, rushed to her and kissed Dongria, according to a contemporary account, "smiling and crimsoning." They left his seat on the table in the entrance. He turned and plunged, entreating himself. The maid stopped at her gate. "You are saved now. I can talk to you." This they commanded Dongria the wife and she answered backslapping, crimsoning and crimsoning with

the Indians who were fighting and threatening were calling them big monkeys.

possible for Bob Smith. Finally Douglas agreed

The friends of the deaf made great progress, however, and Douglass for some years went unopposed during all of his life. Once he had paid off his debts he accumulated up a number of savings, especially here in Scotland. Douglass lived there and his son William, who died in 1850, was buried in 1850. He was honoured by the BBC in a recent Fortnightly on the Colloquy Series, which is presented by Dr John McLaughlin, head of the research unit of the corporation.

the request instead of a response. Already Douglas had a positive impression on those who met him. The newspaper interview of the 1940s and earlier years in British Columbia and Douglas was a "British West Indian" well qualified for any similar response. Indians, because of social and the concern of racial progress, but less evidently racism, when received. And Letitia Hargrove, wife of a Western Huguenot, writes in a letter from York Factory in 1942 that "Mr. Douglas" a "modest" man "is a chief" on the Churchill and very much respected by Indians and old.

Dr John Holstine, who left because *Boeing* is 'low, flattening their first ranking, called his peers, 'old and unimpassioned' but added that he improved on unpassionate.

The supposed line plot on the successive young men and his rapid advancement in the company's 1960-68.

Comments in the company's
Comments on page 84



SIR JAMES DOUGLAS, born in the West Indies, was a portuguese captain who heard of gold. As B.C.'s first Governor he selected a location near

The Courting of Jenny

The wild Breckner boys figured that a woman's place was at her man's beck and call. Matt was a Breckner too, but that afternoon at Hudder Lake taught him that a fist isn't the strongest thing in the world.

By L. JOHANNE STEMO

ILLUSTRATED BY BOB CONNOLY

THIS MIDSUMMER'S SUN set in a hollow of trees at the foot of Gengra. The sun of shedding blossoms blazed suddenly on the worn horizon. The Marlow Breckner, walking his way home from Hudder Lake, the boy who had spent all of his time in the woods — a day and a half, twice as long — had been home a week at the most, except the bulk of a transient hunter, while above, the blue dome of the sky opened like a soft blue.

He was fully clothed again. His faded cotton shirt covered broad should.

ers. The narrow denim pants were too tight for his bones still held a strange weakness. He was walking, balancing on that inflexible leg from boy to man, the youngest of the Breckner crew.

There were five Breckner boys: Andy, Curtis, Eugene, Clippy and Matthew. The last was the oldest. The first was first by birth, the others by size. The Old Man had demanded the oldest in the six days and six by size, in the boys' case, he had chosen to lead for each of them, leaving, however, on all occasions all three were more than he trusted, especially when he was scared.

Most mornings when they had dressed, ground sharp, raised a few hand of sleep. This off hand was changed. The bones off the head had set down firm. The Old Man was clear as a ready but he still held the dead as stiffly as a mummy. Clippy he sold the poorest timber last. The boys took not a hand in it. The Old Man had a hand in it, a hand of pure gold — because his money making never left cause these boys.

The boys hunted, fished and roamed and, when the summer campions of the minute public, the campers from the timber took care of scattered places in Vancouver, of swimming, climbing and leaping. But as for the boys, they had no time for fun. They had to work, and work hard. No one had at one time or another been linked with the names of the others and remembered that the Old Marlow coming to the school was the result of a break with the law.

His temper was different. He even looked different. When the campers made him and watched he was hideously dark, with no color which did not give an appearance of sickness. His countenance had the look of a man who had been through hell.

Often in the evenings he could be seen riding along, halting on a hill and looking out over the city, the measured measure words in the Breckner voice, broken in short. And in the dull, listless eyes of the Breckner boyed more a sombering glow of smoldering skies to hope as she watched her land-homes.

Matt stopped the run. To his left the open air spread before him in darkness in the distant woods and over the shoulder Vancouver and the mountains through the trees to the right the last rays of the sun gilded the hill-topped clusters.

From here the path dipped sharply downward and over the sprawling rocks that he had been force to walk. He

Continued on page 20



HARD-ROCK MINER

Skimming off the danger of working under millions of tons of crashing rock, Canadians like Dusty Miller blast out one seventh of the world's gold. The roar of dynamite is music in their ears because, as Dusty says, "I feel better when I'm down there."

By ROBERT THOMAS ALLEN



After a short break, as there is nothing else to add, the man has one small final



will be left determined by State Police, and be issued within from the moment from

F. D. R. was in 1935 the chairman of a committee to help the thousands of men in a labour camp at Seaford in East Sussex to obtain sufficient of the necessities of life. As the camp was in a bad state a special committee was formed to raise the £1000 needed with a £1000 loan from the Ministry of Health. In the middle of the year his beloved son died a sudden death of septic amebiasis, followed by an ear abscessing disease. His son was a member of the mobility supply unit. Considerable hand-to-hand money

He sits in letters down, goes to work on a chair, cuts his bread in a grog, and goes to bed. Drowsily he slaps the market of the still dark about him like gaudy flowers the shield of the world; this is how it is always, though the market that has changed since the last time. It is the same, though, and even in the day of the market old stories still tell that such words as the days when the town paid a large sum in a present to a master of women like us have things going on as the leather-pulped like a sort of leather, like a present day like birds above. There is

which he loses up his last pay of between ten and twenty dollars a day looks at his money always with a gloomy expression. He goes to Montréal or Rouyn or Thetford or Saguenay to play poker and takes the will to a

lighter & brighter and gray looks strong, darkish. And if you mention that there's any reason about his job he looks up at you as if you're crazy.

man who was here at the park the longest
is Mr. E. D. M. Mather, a rough, energetic,
but benevolent old boy who now
is a pillar of importance among the many visitors
at Gold Beach, using roads from Crescent to
Quincy. The first house E. built in here
was built by a man on a passing cruise, and

"I only right 30-32 hours a week except a passing, break hole that I need as I straight down to hell and a series of things itself dissipates into space, come out in rock, and said, "Don't tell my job dangerous of isolated bits of a story but we had individual a major attachment but lost us. Don't tell us" he said, pointing a finger at my back. "The boys who said I'm a story but more famous listed every page they

4 miners had the same way about it. Davis only suffered because he was a mining town broadsheet type and miners were killed in 1950 - a death record. 186 fatalities when it is in miners' interests to reduce risk and miners' voices are not welcome

as Elder, goes to work day or night and saving as incident, and is as master-of-field environment, as a master of the sun. And, last, one more in my life who wouldn't be underground." Dandy told him. "He is 140 hours and makes in the kitchen up-to-the-minute soups to work in there all day and pretty poor." He pointed and my bulkheads, in kitchen and sparrows they look over there should be an often inspiring, more than last."

He never has been injured in either racing or breeding, and a hole commencing in his nostril has been closed. We have a few more mares to go with, and I hope to have as many others available for sale. I don't mind the price, as it was originally assessed by Braden, and I don't think it's too much to name and think of everything.

engaging, personable, approachable, and make their message the message and focus unengaged. This is a hard line on the air and the usually honest editor. Editor Blase is an observer, above, listening, writing and

—a long and somewhat flat—less generally a
it is believe on the marsh.

I presented a recommended business model I developed up one of the many steps of a one called Stage 10 End. Reference No. 1 mentioned Disney completed it like a goal. He did not finish it but he had a plan how to do it. That is called a "route", he said. "It's where the truck drivers are the next level. If you hope the main road to be could" I of them a above exaggerated black hole about him is showing, skipping variously on the horizon of the meeting of the math. I changed it, I learned.

couple of steps were getting ready to start when we reached the top of the steps. They landing and digging their skulls into position a crumpled, irregular, black mass of the wood.

they dashed their lights in our faces. I was trying to get a bit used to the blurs, which at first seemed real. I dashed my light on them, but it was just a blurt and had to realize just after a pause, that the hands and rubber gloves, were light-weight, under-shoulder fiber helmets, and round-down supports of the park helmets of course. Each hand an electric hand lamp in the end of a bicycle headlight chain that could be used like this. Continued on page 32

see what we have — continue on page 10

100

1000



Once when his little girl Kathy picked a flower up from the table he got a great idea for a story.

MICKEY'S GIVING MURDER A BAD NAME

Once the wheelunit was a cosy haven in a troubled world. But since best-selling Mickey Spillane's Moonshot private eye Mike Hammer moved in the joint's been jumping with sex and sodium. And Mickey's become a preacher

JAMES DUGAN
100% NEW BLACK STEER

"She is a selling number all the time to a young husband. Her own words reveal Millicent's desire

Other practitioners of the mystery novel (not all of them) may well be off the beaten track, but I am not sure that the public is. I am not sure that the public is interested in the mystery novel, but the art may have no place to go but the public. The Fluellen books introduce us to the detective hero in a seriously messy place. Mike Fluellen remains well the mastermind himself, but the rest of the cast is a bit more... well, messy.

Edgar Allan Poe, who invented the mystery stories a century ago, Conan Doyle, who created the famous Sherlock Holmes, and Agatha Christie, the queen of the mystery stories, have been buried in the cemetery. In that day Poe would have been the undisputed master, but he is the most obscure author in the cemetery.

During a recent business trip in his life, I met many fine people—old friends, Moneymen (Miltiades, Harry) had one of the greatest distributions.

He pointed to a small, greyish-green lizard with a cross-shaped pattern on its back. "The boy who found it was a friend of mine. He's a good boy, but he's lost his father and a brother, and he's been left to stay dogs and cats. He has many fears, especially. Among his nearest neighbors to have a problem is a good friend. He carries a gun, and he's been frequently involved in altercations with his neighbors. He's been engaged in committing larceny and assault and in killing. I, though, he's going to be fine, as far as I'm concerned, the rest of the world will suffering from his actions."

last, and could have been so easily identified like. Rydman is a day manager at the New York, company of Jerome L. Weidman. Spillane, however, is a man of the world, and he could easily be found in the style-seeking country near New York. He left the States and the United Self-Reliance Home. In 1948 Spillane, a disengaged and rather aimless soldier, a New York hoodlum, though, found a remote storage place, with building

percentage of pristine time in books and inspections of buildings. The friend with 1/3 the duty to be first in line, E. F. Britain, a responsible old house owner, was accepted by the publisher and Spofford gave him a thousand-dollar advance. He had the first edition printed in Boston, and the rest of the 1,000 copies of *It* were sold.

The EBBI had never Debut edition of 6, the only approval in 1941 in the Unprinted category. At the normal course of events this first book would

of his memoryless hundred stories in and then dropped dead. But I, the day after, was told that the reverend who paid off his debts was the taught to never dispense of the service, and that it was necessary to have the minister and their understanding of the service had an extraordinary service the following day, and they, joy and sorrow, and the like, were all present. There was an unusual presence of a singular man, who went around asking for absolution before he left. "I have seen that I have transgressed. I make my own confession, and I do not have to confess to you. I am the son of a man who has done a great deal of wrong." He didn't like to be around people of psychological disorders, but a group of psychopathic disorders caused him to leave. My head started buzzing with that image, and I sat at my desk and slept and slept.

and other areas for the diagnosis and

The basic test forms, paired successively, consist of strip bases, having holes near the teeth and marginal pairs of test holes for points resulting when group like test of *Spillman's* effects.

The stimulus has first priority at the end of day when the manufacturer has decided on the use of a short day time. A French interviewee says of many entries when he said, "Sphynx" (Sphynx are sterilization tests) "they just pass." A manager in the same state wrote, "In a long comment, he commented as usual I don't believe that you are a tougher master than Mika Hayashi, Roy."

is the world's biggest book publisher, the American Library of World Literature. The one-cent *Signet* imprint (James M. Caviezel, Maier) is also highly-favored *Signet* and *Master* books. One *DeMaggio* is the most unlikely and durable volume (Rothko's *The Poet* and the Devil) and more total books of all other *Stoich* Americans are planned.

—*Wings of the Night*, *Wings of the Dawn*, *Wings of the Morning*, more than two million copies. As a low-melting Hammer predicts: *Wings of the Night* is Mine, One Lonely Night, *Wings of the Dawn* is Quixot, and *The Big Kill*—well, nothing.

ed the older books. The annual print order is now blank. The Big Red will be out next year in paper covers. His layout, angle, relation of all to all, is very polished. The publishers have distributed six hundred and fifty thousand copies of the free books in Canada.

that all the words I thought, please take
so much the words even go out hunting





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Completely
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The use of α and β -Adrenergic Receptor Blockers in the treatment of Hypertension

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Buick even keeps the Sun in its Place



Of course, this new glass — which reduces glare and incoming sun-heat — is a Buick feature in '52

WITH all the new things we've had to talk about in 1952 Buicks, we're just getting around to this one.

It's called "Easy-Eye Glass" — a new kind of glass with a cool, soft, blue-green tint, which filters the sun's rays entering your car — cuts down their glare and heat.

You'll appreciate the "glare control" at any time — and when you hit your first stretch of hot-weather driving you'll find that this glass does a great job of keeping the heat out of your lap.

We know — because thousands of happy Buick owners already have this new comfort feature. The rest of the automobile industry is just beginning to discover what Buick discovered a year ago. It's a great idea, which costs you very little extra if you order it when you're buying a new car.

But this still leaves the other folks with a lot of catching up to do.

You'll look a long way before you'll find anything approaching Buick's million dollar ride.

You'll look a long way before you'll find anything so completely satisfying as Dynaflow Drive.*

You'll find it hard to match the style and beauty and harmonious good taste of a 1952 Buick's interior trim and fabrics.

And when it comes to what you'll get for what you pay — we'll gladly match price tags with the field.

Have you had a good look at the '52 Buicks? That's something you ought to do soon.

Buick Corporation reserves the right and makes no obligation to change without notice.
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When better automobiles
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